

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

129

I get around

By Ronald Richards

A ROGATIONTIDE service—the first ever in the town—was held in the centre of rural Sussex, at Storrington, recently.

The ceremony, "to bid God's blessing on the life of the parish," was carried out by the Bishop of Chichester.

The brief service in the tiny, picturesque Storrington Church, was followed by a procession through the town. Passing the guard of honour on the steps of the church, and headed by the Rector of Storrington, this oddly assorted procession of military power, Boy Scouts, nurses and choirboys, paused at the War Memorial to pay tribute to those who had fallen in the last war and this.

To the Pipe Band of a Canadian Highland Regiment, they marched to the centre of the town, here to pause for prayer for commercial life.

At the recreation ground, peace and happiness for children was beseeched; the local pond was the setting for a prayer for those at sea; for pastoral life a prayer was said on the verge of a meadow; for garden life a message was offered from the centre of an allotment patch.

The most touching service, at which "Land of Hope and Glory" and a hymn were sung, to the accompaniment of a local band, was for the crops, and held on the verge of a cornfield.

Along the route the Bishop and clergy stopped to give blessing to children, aged people, and on one occasion a crippled soldier.

Perhaps it is thoughtless of me to add that during this very sincere closing the most Christless action, or rather inaction, I have ever seen was apparent.

From his lofty perch in an oak tree, where, either to witness or ridicule the service, a tiny boy had been hiding, came a shriek and the tell-tale crack of a breaking limb. Most of the congregation looked up and saw the child fall several feet to the ground, and lay breathless.

The only people to make any move to pick him up were three Press photographers, who, to do this, probably lost the picture for which they had waited all the evening.

The boy was taken home, and the incident, in the mind of the greater part of the congregation, was considered a most irreverent interruption. It was then forgotten.

THE W.A.A.F. crew of a London barage balloon, "Shirley," seem always to be in a cafe frequented by "Good Morning" staff.

Often I have seen Mary and Vera and some of the others sitting knitting behind huge dishes of soup, but it was not until the other day that I noticed that the wool they used was usually of non-Service colour.

"Undies," I thought, "or maybe they have them dyed afterwards."

Mary detected my wonderment and enlightened me. "We are knitting socks for civilians," she said. Immediately I put my name on the priority list.

On the lucky list before me are four war correspondents, a crime reporter, two lawyers, and Georgie Wood, our page make-up man.

NEW ZEALAND-born

Huia Cooper, Windmill Revuebelle, tells me that from home a letter tells her of the patriotism in Tuahiwi, a tiny village twenty miles from Christchurch, Canterbury. The village has just sixty inhabitants, between eighteen and seventy. Thirty-three of these are overseas, seven have been killed and two are missing. They get around, these boys and girls, don't they?

I WENT to hospital for three months, and it was that spell of liberty that really started my husband's discontent.—Wife at a London Court.

Sick leave, eh?

CLARK GABLE, now a Captain in the U.S. Army Air Corps, has still never been on an operational trip, and it riles him no end.

"All I ask is that I go on ops where the scrapping is really hot," he said the other day.

This big-eared hero of millions is a gunnery instructor and is stationed outside London.

Although he has again grown that moustache familiar to thousands, few recognise him in nearby towns which he visits frequently, though all day necks

are craned and often queues have been formed outside barber shops and cinemas because rumours reported him to be inside.

A NOVEL method of bringing advertisers' wares to the eyes of the public is that originated by American Elliott Stark.

Stark has introduced the Eye Appeal Advertisement Centre. The idea is to rent out advertising space on pretty girls' kneecaps.

When the ad. has been painted on to the kneecap the maiden rides the city subways, exposing the knee showing the advertiser's message.

The daily rental to would-be advertisers is 20 dollars for one knee and 35 dollars for both.

TWO court shorts, both of which, I think, might be headed Truth Must Out:—

"I have not given up hope that some day my wife will appreciate how good a man I am."—Husband at Tottenham.

"I do not run my car now—mainly for patriotic reasons. In any case I could not afford to do so, and also I cannot get any petrol."—Witness in the King's Bench.

EVER HAD A PINT HERE?



ABOUT the last house where a legal game-cock fighting took place in the South of England was the Fighting Cocks Inn, St. Albans, Herts.

Here, before the "sport" was banned by an Act of Parliament in 1849, local men and women frequently betted, and won and lost fortunes over the blood-curdling death of spartan birds.

The history, though rather vague, goes back to the sixteenth century. The inn was built upon the water gate of the Abbey of St. Albans.

It is a curious structure—of octagonal shape—of early Saxon origin, having been built here as a boathouse to the ancient monastery founded here by King Offa about the year 795, and is thus over 1,100 years old.

The basement has walls of great thickness, built, like the Abbey, of flint and bricks. There is a subterranean passage, now blocked up, running from the basement to the ruins

of the monastery, a distance of about 200 yards.

The upper part is built of timber and bricks, the oak beams being of great thickness and as hard as iron.

There is a shed at the back of the house, where, it is said, Oliver Cromwell stabled his horse, himself once sleeping under its roof during the Civil War.

Until a few years ago there was a sign outside: "Built before the Flood." The flood referred to was the overflowing of the tiny River Ver that flows nearby. Now that sign has been replaced by another which claims the Fighting Cocks to be "the oldest inhabited licensed house."

The original cock-fighting pit is still in existence, and is used for the storage of potatoes.

Shortly before the war the first baby ever born in the inn was brought into the world. It was a daughter for the landlord, Mr. William Brown.



L.S. Harry Baron—message for you!

A CERTAIN little lady at 158 Hightown Road, Luton, has very definite plans for you, Leading Stoker Harry Baron.

Let me tell you some of the good things your wife has in store for your next leave. Hiking, cycle tours, swimming, and, if possible, a couple of days in London. What more could a man ask for?

It was after ten at night when I arrived at your home, and your wife and her mother and father were just off to bed. Had I mentioned anything but your name, I think I wouldn't have got in, but after the introduction your wife was so eager to tell you things that she could hardly think of anything at all.

One thing she did tell me, though, was the story of a romance. The story concerned "Robin." It had nothing to do with redbreasts, but dealt with a certain Leading Stoker and "Robin," who is now his wife. Perhaps I shouldn't tell

the story here, but I think you must be some guy to build a romance out of a hat, Harry.

Ralph Brown and some more of your swimming club pals had called earlier to ask after you, and they're hoping you will find time to get around to them on your next leave.

Another young lady who has plans for you is your wife's niece, Janice, who is looking forward to running down to the station to meet you.

Yet another lady says, "I'm hoping to see your smiling pan name, I think I wouldn't have got in, but after the introduction your wife was so eager to tell you things that she could hardly think of anything at all."

"Robin" still sleeps with her fingers crossed, and she's afraid that one day she'll wake up and be unable to uncross them.

That's all the news from home now, Harry. Your wife sends a big hug and kisses, and everyone at home fond greetings.

You did this many years ago?



TABLOID TALES

By W. H. MILLIER

BULLDOG SMITH was as strong as an ox. He was built like one. He had enormous shoulders, and his bullet head appeared to have been welded solid without the need for a neck.

He was a cheerful fighter, very popular because of his gameness, and would take the hardest wallops with a grin, then proceed to make his opponent tire himself with the effort of trying to knock him out. Very few succeeded in this, because Smith was so tough.

No doubt Bulldog must have been acquainted with the story of Samson and Delilah, but, like so many Samsons of the boxing profession, he seldom heeded the lesson of this story. He must have known that many a good champion has lost his title because he had seen too much of his Delilah during his period of training, but then, Bulldog did not hold a championship title, and—well, even Samson could scarcely have been stronger.

There was one thing, however, his supporters used to bet on, and that was that he would go the full distance even if he was beaten.

This in itself was a title of sorts, and Bulldog did not care to lose it readily. His consort

was a red-headed female counterpart of himself named Rebecca. She was known to members of the profession as Red Becky. It was said—with what truth I am unable to say—that she could fight as well as Bulldog, and had given him a licking after he had lost a fight which she considered he ought to have won.

It was when Bulldog was matched with a big, strong negro that he let his supporters down badly. The contest was one of fifteen rounds, and his friends had bet freely that it would go the full distance if Bulldog did not win by a knock-out.

The negro proved to be a good fighter, very fast on his feet for a big man, and he had forced his man along at a lively pace and had handed out some terrific punishment.

Bulldog stuck it out until he went back to his corner after the twelfth round, "Chuck in the towel, I'm done," he said to his chief second.

The second could scarcely believe his ears. "What?" he asked in an amazed voice, "You turn it in?"

"Yes," answered Bulldog, with a note of finality. "Let Becky fight him."

Periscope
PageWANGLING
WORDS—91

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after TRANG, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of NOTED BROW to make a country town near London.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GOLD into MINE, PARK into LANE, LONG into TIME, YEA into NAY.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from SUPERCILIOUS?

Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 90

1. METATOME.
2. BIRKENHEAD.
3. ROOF, ROOT, BOOT, BOAT, BEAT, FEAT, FEET, FRET, FREE, TREE.
HOSE, HOPE, POPE, PIPE, HILL, TILL, TOLL, POLL, POLE, POPE, TOPE, TOPS, LOCK, LACK, HACK, HARK, HARE, MARE, MORE, MORN, CORN, COIN, CAIN, RAIN, RAIL, HAIL, HAIR.
4. Pane, Trip, Trap, Tare, Tire, Pare, Sire, Pier, Tier, Tear, Pine, Ripe, Pear, Rate, Rant, Pant, Tape, Rasp, Sent, Pint, Pert, Rare, Rear, Part, etc.
Pears, Rates, Piers, Rants, Pants, Pints, Rears, Tears, Prats, Spire, Trier, Traps, Tapes, Taper, Riper, Rater, Rarer, Rasps, Pines, Panes, Parer, Parts, etc.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first is in GIRAUD, likewise DE GAULLE.
My second's in SHOUT, but not in CALL.
My third's not in MILITARY, but in NAVAL.
My fourth is in ARCHIBALD, not in WAVELENGTH.
My fifth is in MARKSMEN, not in BUTTS.
My sixth is in GENERAL, but not in SMUTS.
(Answer on Page 3)

Who is it?

He was a colonel in the last war. Organised a rebellion in the East. Dropped his rank and enlisted as a ranker in the R.A.F., under an assumed name. Interested in archaeology. Translated the Odyssey into English. Wrote a best-seller about the war, lost the manuscript, wrote it again. Was killed in a motor-cycle smash. Who was he?
(Answer on Page 3)



Here are three squares formed by ten matches. Can you rearrange the matches, and, by taking one away, still form three squares?

NUMERICAL PUZZLE

FOUR members of the Home Port Over-Forty Club were comparing ages. Snuff (the oldest) and Duff (the youngest) had combined ages equal to Bluff and his senior, Gruff, put together.
Had they made their comparison nine years earlier, however, Snuff would have equalled Bluff and Duff—and the latter (who incidentally would not then have been a member of the Club) would have been half Gruff's age.
How old are they all at present?
(Answer on Page 3)

IS JEKYLL A MADMAN?

Dr. JEKYLL and Mr. HYDE

By R. L. Stevenson

TIME ran on; thousands of pounds were offered in reward, for the death of Sir Danvers was resented as a public injury; but Mr. Hyde had disappeared out of the ken of the police as though he had never existed.

Much of his past was unearthed, indeed, and all disreputable; tales came out of the man's cruelty, at once so callous and violent, of his vile life, of his strange associates, of the hatred that seemed to have surrounded his career; but of his present whereabouts, not a whisper.

From the time he had left the house in Soho on the morning of the murder, he was simply blotted out; and gradually, as time drew on, Mr. Utterson began to recover from the hotness of his alarm, and to grow more at quiet with himself.

The death of Sir Danvers was, to his way of thinking, more than paid for by the disappearance of Mr. Hyde.

Now that that evil influence had been withdrawn, a new life began for Dr. Jekyll. He came out of his seclusion, renewed relations with his friends, became once more their familiar guest and entertainer; and whilst he had always been known for charities, he was now no less distinguished for religion.

He was busy, he was much in the open air, he did good; his face seemed to open and brighten, as if with an inward consciousness of service; and for more than two months the doctor was at peace.

On the 8th of January Utterson had dined at the doctor's with a small party; Lanyon had been there, and the face of the host had looked from one to the other as in the old days when the trio were inseparable friends.

On the 12th, and again on the 14th, the door was shut against the lawyer. "The doctor was confined to the house," Poole said, "and saw no one."

On the 15th he tried again, and was again refused; and having now been used for the last two months to see his friend almost daily, he found this return of solitude to weigh upon his spirits.

The fifth night he had in Guest to dine with him; and the sixth he betook himself to Dr. Lanyon's.

There at least he was not denied admittance; but when he came in he was shocked at the change which had taken place in the doctor's appearance. He had his death-warrant written legibly upon his face.

The rosy man had grown pale; his flesh had fallen away; he was visibly balder and older; and yet it was not so much these tokens of a swift physical decay that arrested the lawyer's notice as a look in the eye and quality of manner that seemed to testify to some deep-seated terror of the mind.

It was unlikely that the doctor should fear death; and yet that was what Utterson was tempted to suspect. "Yes," he thought, "he is a doctor, he must know his own state and that his days are counted; and the knowledge is more than he can bear."

And yet when Utterson remarked on his ill looks, it was with an air of great firmness that Lanyon declared himself a doomed man.

"I have had a shock," he said, "and I shall never recover. It is a question of weeks. Well, life has been pleasant; I liked it; yes, sir, I used to like it. I sometimes think if we knew all we should be more glad to get away."

"Jekyll is ill, too," observed Utterson. "Have you seen him?"

But Lanyon's face changed, and he held up a trembling hand. "I wish to see or hear no more of Dr. Jekyll," he said, in a loud, unsteady voice, "I am quite done with that person, and I beg that you will spare me any allusion to one whom I regard as dead." "Tut, tut!" said Mr. Utterson. And then, after a considerable pause, "Can't I do any-

thing?" he inquired. "We are three very old friends, Lanyon; we shall not live to make others."

"Nothing can be done," returned Lanyon. "Ask himself." "He will not see me," said the lawyer.

"I am not surprised at that," was the reply. "Some day, Utterson, after I am dead, you may perhaps come to learn the right and wrong of this. I can-

The quarrel with Lanyon was incurable. "I do not blame our old friend," Jekyll wrote, "but I share his view that we must never meet. I mean from henceforth to lead a life of extreme seclusion; you must not be surprised, nor must you doubt my friendship, if my door is often shut even to you. You must suffer me to go my own dark way."

"I have brought on myself a

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman

IT'S THE DENTIST WHO'S SMILING.

Down in Morocco they feel life in the raw. This dentist has got a stranglehold on his patient (and the patient has a good grip of the dentist's leg to balance things up a bit), but the dentist will win. He is yanking a tooth out with the aid of a spanner, and if that spanner slips it may take more than the tooth with it. Haven't you felt just what that poor devil is feeling when you go to the dentist anywhere? Still, there is a smile in the picture—even if it is the dentist's.

not tell you. And in the meantime, if you can sit and talk with me of other things, for God's sake stay and do so; but if you cannot keep clear of this accursed topic, then, in God's name, go, for I cannot bear it."

As soon as he got home Utterson sat down and wrote to Jekyll, complaining of his exclusion from the house, and asking the cause of this unhappy break with Lanyon. The next day brought him a long answer, often very pathetically worded, and sometimes darkly mysterious in drift.

JANE



So great and unprepared a change pointed to madness; but in view of Lanyon's manner and words there must lie for it some deeper ground.

A week afterwards Dr. Lanyon took to his bed, and in something less than a fortnight he was dead.

The night after the funeral, at which he had been sadly affected, Utterson locked the door of his business room, and, sitting there by the light of a melancholy candle, drew out and set before him an envelope addressed by the hand and sealed with the seal of his dead friend.

"PRIVATE: For the hands of J. G. UTTERSON ALONE, and in case of his predecease to be destroyed unread," so it was emphatically superscribed.

The lawyer dreaded to behold the contents. "I have buried one friend to-day," he thought, "what if this should cost me another?" And then he condemned the fear as a disloyalty, and broke the seal.

Within there was another enclosure, likewise sealed, and marked upon the cover as "Not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll."

Utterson could not trust his eyes. Yes, it was "disappearance"; here again, as in the mad will, which he had long ago restored to its author, here again were the idea of a disappearance and the name of Henry Jekyll bracketed.

But in the will that idea had sprung from the sinister suggestion of the man Hyde; it was set there with a purpose all too plain and horrible. Written by the hand of Lanyon, what should it mean?

A great curiosity came to the trustee, to disregard the prohibition and dive at once to the bottom of these mysteries; but professional honour and faith to his dead friend were stringent obliga-

tions; and the packet slept in the inmost corner of his private safe. It is one thing to mortify curiosity, another to conquer it. (To be continued)

QUIZ
for today

1. What is a mink?
2. Who wrote (a) The Blue Bird, (b) The Little White Bird?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why?—Thames, Trent, Tay, Taw, Torridge, Tamar.
4. What is Parmesan?
5. What is the circumference of the earth at the Equator?
6. What is the crime known as plagiarism?
7. What is meant by mansuetude?
8. What is jarrah wood?
9. Who was Humphrey Clinker?
10. What do the letters, D.D., K.C.V.O., after a man's name stand for?
11. In what year did Dr. Johnson publish his dictionary?
12. What is a jockteleg?

Answer to Quiz
in No. 128

1. Khaki, Mischievous.
2. (a) Chaucer, (b) Gilbert and Sullivan.
3. The slug has no shell; the others have.
4. A liqueur distilled from Dalmatian cherries.
5. One of the Channel Islands.
6. (a) home-sickness, (b) a pain in the back.
7. Threatening.
8. Fruit of an East Indian tree.
9. (a) roofs, (b) floors.
10. Fossil plant.
11. During King Alfred's reign, A.D. 871-901.
12. A denial.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.									
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
9				10					
11			12			13		14	
	15				16				
17				18			19		
		20			21				
22	23	24		25		26	27		
28		29			30				
31				32				33	
	34						35		
36				37					

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Tree.
 - 2 Direction.
 - 3 Bit of fun.
 - 4 Revealing.
 - 5 Girl's name.
 - 6 Too.
 - 7 Colloquially scared.
 - 8 Proverb.
 - 9 Slight infusion.
 - 10 Fruit.
 - 11 Debar.
 - 12 Bolts.
 - 13 Age.
 - 14 Hide.
 - 15 Bit holder.
 - 16 Joyous song.
 - 17 Cloth.
 - 18 Long.
 - 19 Repair.
 - 20 Heavy.
 - 21 Nevertheless.

SLAM ROAMED
TIRADE TILE
RECRUIT NAD
IF MENU ANT
COT GIRD
TROT MESS
OAST PIT T
HUT ABET PI
AGE BORACIC
THEM ATTACK
ESSAYS EWES

BEELZEBUB JONES



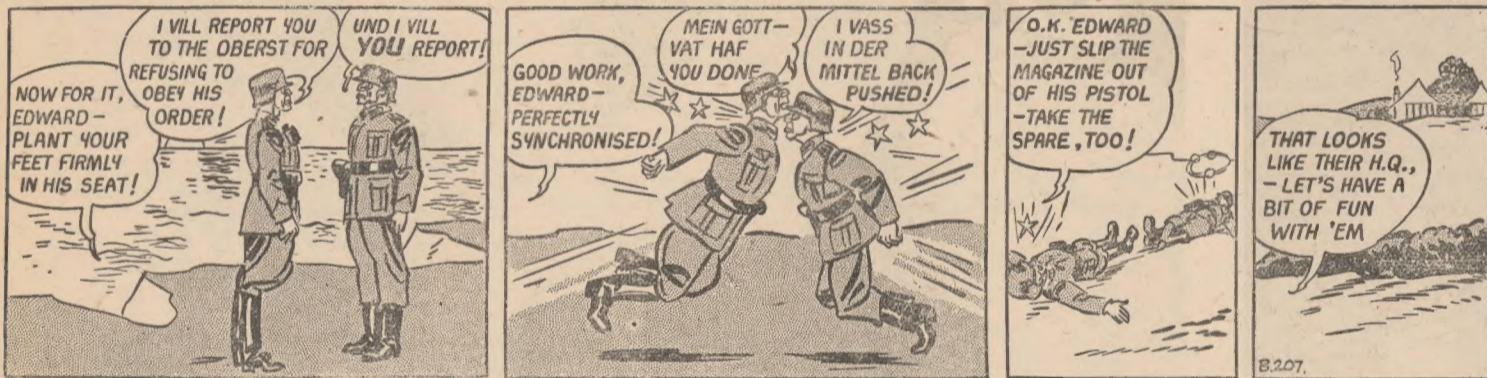
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Telling the Weather

By C. N. DORAN



SAILORS get the credit of being good weather prophets, but that is because they had the gift when ships had sails. To-day most seamen just don't know about the weather any more than landmen—and, to be frank, less than many countrymen!

This sounds like a challenge. Submariners, however, may not care much about the weather. Their "natural" atmosphere is dampness—outside their floating home.

True it is, anyway, that the average labourer on land can give forecasts that often beat meteorologists. How do they do it? One old countryman in Sussex told me that he always walked up a hill on his way to work in the morning. From that point he could see the "weather on the work."

It is, for instance, a sound belief that if the wind changes after dawn it will be a fine day. With the wind "backing" there is every chance of rain.

MISTS AND DEW.

Many people have an idea that if there is a heavy morning mist it will be rain. But there are several kinds of mists. From several countrymen I have discovered the difference.

Roughly, if the mist rises suddenly and leaves a clear space near the ground, you can take it that rain will come. A slowly dispersing mist means a fine day.

Heavy dew on the grass does not always mean good weather. It often means the coming of raw, damp weather; but it is how it clears off that matters.

Everybody knows about St. Swithin's Day (July 15), but there is also a verse about Candlemas (February 2nd) that few people have heard. I got it in the North of England from an old woman famed for her weather-lore.

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,

Winter will have another flight.

If Candlemas Day be dull and dour,

Winter has gone to return no more.

It is generally held by those old weather-wise people that wherever the wind is blowing on March 21 it will blow for six weeks.

It is even possible to learn the coming weather by sounds.

AND WIND-TAPS, TOO.

Before a storm there is generally a short, sharp movement of wind, which flutters the trees and the branches give a series of "taps." This sound means violent rain.

I asked a countryman how this could be explained. His reply was vague, but he said he always knew when the wind "blew hollow."

IF BIRDS FLY LOW.

Birds and animals also can tell weather, and, by watching their movements, country folk learn, too. If partridges are still flying in coveys on February 1st it will be a late spring.

When pheasants crow in the night it is surely going to be bad weather. Low-flying birds, too, foretell the coming of unsettled conditions. Gulls coming up rivers or on the shores mean the same thing.

Up in Westmorland, cows are said to lie down when rain is due.

WE'LL HAVE A BLOW.

There is a belief in the Highlands that when cows swing their tails rapidly (a different swing from the fly-switch) there is going to be a storm.

Cats are said to indulge in peculiar antics that foretell a change to wild weather. But the land worker does not worry unduly. All he asks for is his "seasons," and Nature sees that he gets them, even if ducks and pigeons remain very quiet before a gale springs up.

As one aged farmer told me: "Let's have a peck of dust in March, a sharp shower or two in April, a bright sun in May, and everything else will be right."

Solution to Allied Ports
DUNDEE

Answer to WHO IS IT?
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

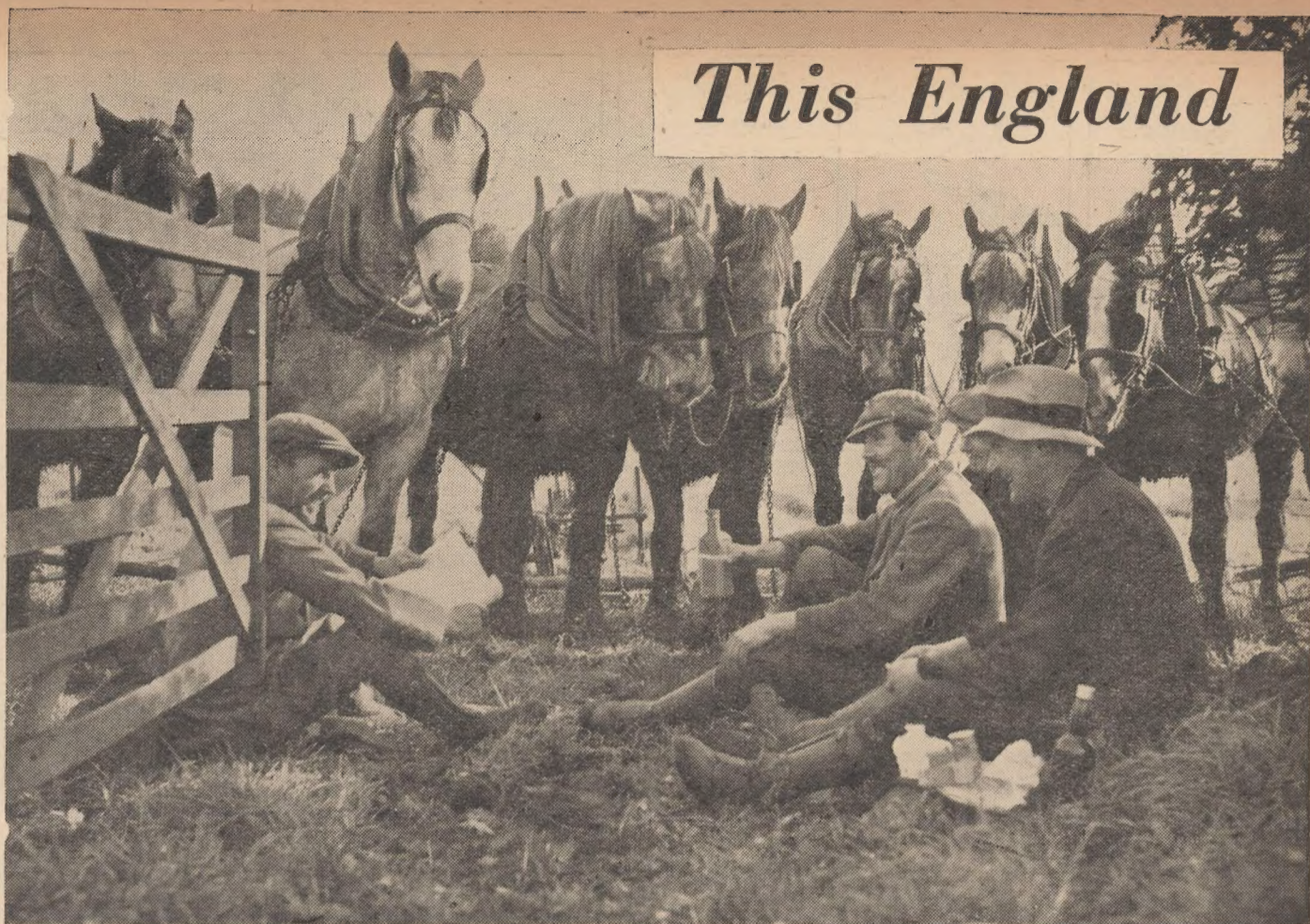
Numerical Puzzle.
Solution: Snuff, 84; Gruff, 75;
Bluff, 51; Duff, 42.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

'MAKE and MEND'

"Hope she'll
like my shore-
rig."



This England

A lunch-time break during ploughing on a farm at Diss, Norfolk. Friendly banter between the ploughmen and evident interest by their well-fed teams.

AND SO

TO BED



"Haven't I done well . . . quite a long way from the carpet to here. Mummy said, 'don't move away,' but she must have forgotten how wonderful it is to make your first journey alone."



If they all look as attractive as Maria Montez we can understand the popularity of the song "When it's sleepy time down South."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Think I'll have a cat-nap with her"

